THEY *WOULDN'T* BE HERE...*COULDN'T* BE HERE.

I DON'T HAVE THE NETWORK I USED TO, BUT I *WOULD HAVE HEARD* SOMEHOW.

STOP!

I WOULD HAVE KNOWN.

MY WIFE... MARINA.

FABIAN... MY SON.

NO...WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT IS THIS?

WAS THAT REALLY THEM?

I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN SO LONG...

TWO WEEKS SINCE I TOLD MURDOCK I'D STAY OUT OF SIGHT.

I'VE BEEN TRUE TO MY WORD...CRAP JOBS FOR A FEW BUCKS UNDER THE TABLE.

I WAS BORN TO RULE... TO MAKE MY FAMILY RICH ON THE BACKS OF OTHERS.

THAT LIFE COST ME EVERYTHING...

... MY WIFE, MY SON...AND MY FREEDOM.

WHEN I GOT OUT, I BUILT A NEW LIFE...

...A LIFE I WAS PROUD OF.

THE GHOSTS OF MY PAST HAVE TAKEN THAT AWAY NOW, TOO.

THEY WILL COME AGAIN SOMEDAY SOON...

... TO KILL ME AND TO PUT THESE STREETS... THESE PEOPLE...UNDER THEIR HEEL AGAIN.

LET THEM COME...I'M STILL HERE.

I'LL BE WAITING.

END